

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01270014 2



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Troublesome Reign of
John, King of England

Part I. 1591.

Date of the first known edition, 1591

[Trin. Coll., Cambridge. Capell Collection.]

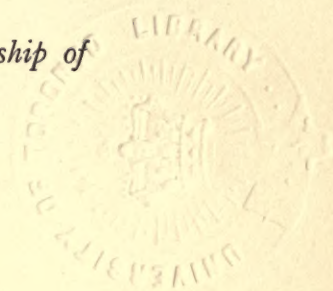
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 123]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER



The Troublesome Reign of
John, King of England

Part I. 1591

118226
13/4/11

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXI



PR
2411
T75
1591a
pt. 1

Troublesome Raigne

of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the discouerie of *King* Richard Cordelions Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge) : also the death of *King Iohn* at *Swinstead* *Abby*.

As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the *Queenes Maiesties* Players, in the honourable Citie of *London*.



0	3		
3	6		
3	3		
3	9		
3	4		
0	5		
0	9		
9	8		
1	8	5	9
12	9	1	2

Imprinted at *London* for *Sampson Clarke*, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backside of the *Royall Exchange*.

1591.




To the Gentlemen Readers.

You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
Have entertained the Scythian Tamburlaine,
And given applausse vnto an Infidel:
Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)
A waylike Christian and your Countreyman.
For Christs true faith indur'd he many a storme,
And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,
Vntill base treason (by a damned Wight)
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,
Accept of it (sweete Gentles) in good sort,
And thinke it was preparede for your disport.

A 2

Thomas... 1635
John... 1635
...



The troublesome Raigne of
King Iohn.

Enter *K. Iohn*, *Queene Elinor* his mother, *Williams Marshal*
Earle of Pembroke, the *Earles of Essex*, and of *Salisbury*.

Queene Elinor.

Brones of England, and my noble Lords:
Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
Aldorious *Richard* scourge of Infidels,
And clad this Land in stole of *Aswall* blew:

Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his Empire.

K. Iohn By gracions mother *Queene*, and *Barons* all:
Though farre vnworthie of so high a place,
As is the Throne of mightie *Englands* King:
Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncarene,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heaute poke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
By Lord of *Pembroke* and Lord *Salisbury*,
Admit the Lord *Shastilion* to our presence:
That we may know what *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gette
Whereto this weightie Embassade doth tend:
If of my Nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say my Sonne I haue not must my aime.

Enter Chatillon and the two Ladies,

John My Lord Chatillon, welcome into England:
How fares our Brother Philip King of France?

Chat. His Highnes at my coming was in health,
And wold me to salute your Maestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

John And spare not man, we are preparte to heare.

Chatillon Philip by the grace of God most Christian K.
of France, hauing taken into his guardain and protection Ar-
thur Duke of Brittain, son & heire to Jeffrey thine elder bro-
ther, requireth in the behalfe of the said Arthur, the Kingdom
of England, with the Lordship of Ireland, Poiters, Anioy,
Torain, Main: and I attend thine answer.

John A small request: belike he makes account
That England, Ireland, Poiters, Anioy, Torain, Main,
Are nothing for a King to giue at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.

Tell Philip, he may keepe his Lords at home,
Which greater honour than to send them thus
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Whif they die, would yeeld but small returne.

Chatillon Is this thine answer:

John It is, and too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chatillon Then King of England, in my Masters name,
And in Prince Arthur Duke of Britains name,
I doo defie thee as an Enemy,
And wish thee to prepare for bloodie warres.

Q. Elnor My Lord (that stands upon defiance thus)
Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queene Elnor (his Grandmother)
Upon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-Arrowe Bocher picks him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a Realme.
Next wish him to forsake the King of France,

And

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chartilion. This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue.

John Pembroke, comay him safely to the sea,

But not in hast: for as we are aduis'de,
We meane to be in *France* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Anion, Torain* and in *Normandy.*

Exit Chart.

Enter the Shriue, & whispers the Earle of *Sals* in the eare.

Salisbury. Please it your Maiestie, here is the Shriue of *Northamptonshire*, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeal'd to your Maiestie beseeching your Highnes for speciall cause to heare them,

John Will them come neere, and while we heare the cause,
Get *Salisbury* and make provision,

We meane with speede to passe the sea to *France.*

Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done?

O? wheretwends the course of this appeal?

Shriue Please it your Maiestie these two brethren vnaturally falling at odds about their Fathers living haue broken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs without cause of Law, or order of Justice, and vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous manner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your Highnes: and here *Thomas Nidigate*, Shriue of *Northamptonshire*, doo deliuer them ouer to their triall.

John My Lord of *Essex*, will the offenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discouer your griefes, & doubt not but you shall haue iustice.

Philip Please it your Maiestie, the wrong is mine; yet will I abide all wrongs, befoze I once open my mouth, to burye the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonour of my self, & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly,

Robert Then by my Prince his leaue shall *Robert* speake,
And tell your Maiestie what right I haue

Co

To ouer wrong, as ye accounte wrong.
By father (not vnknowne vnto your Grace)
Receiued his spures of Knighthood in the field,
At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,
When as the walls of Acon gaue him way:
His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mohmbery.
What by succession from his Ancestours,
And worlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,
His liuing did amount too at his death
Two thousand Markes reueneuery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge.

Philip If first-bozne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of Englands auncient Lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge?

John Fowd Pouth, to trouble these our Princely eares
O make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder Brother bozne?

Robert Please it your Grace with patience for to heare;
I not denie but he mine Elder is,
Mine elder Brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the Land.

John A doubtfull tale as euer I old heare,
Thy Brother and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke Enigma.

Robert I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Bare bozne, and bare begot, no Fauconbridge.
Indeede the world repute him lawfull heire,
By father in his life did count him so,
And here my Mother stands to prooue him so:
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre
Both to my Mothers shame and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enjoy
The liuing that belongs to Fauconbridge.

And

And let not him possesse anothers right.

John Proue this, the land is thine by *Englands* law.

Q. Elianor Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes,
But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.

Mother. By gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend Dame,
That see the teares distilling from mine eyes,
And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares receiue the kissing sound
Of such a viper, who with popfoned words
Doth murtherate the bowels of my soule.

John Ladie, stand by, be patient for a while:
And fellow, say, whole bastard is thy brother.

Philip Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now:
But for the honour of so haue a Man,
Whom he accuseth with adulterie:
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismiss vs hence.

Robert Not mad, nor madde, but well aduised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here:
To be a Bastard to King *Richards* self,
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your *Patricke*.
Thus bluntly, and

Elianor Young man thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy prooffe.

Robert The prooffe so plaine, the argument so strong,
As that your Highnes and these noble Lords,
And all (saue those that haue no eyes to see)
Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King.
First when my father was Embassadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my fathers house;
And all the Realme suspected what befell:

And at my Fathers back returne agen
My Mother was deliuered as tis sed.
Sixe weekes befoze the account my Father made,
But moze than this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King *Richards* Sonne,
Then gracious Lord, rest he King *Richards* Sonne,
And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.

John Is this thy prowe, and all thou hast to say?

Robert I haue no moze, noz neede I greater prowe.

John First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My Brother often lodged in his house:

And what of that? bale groome to staunder him,

That honoured his Emballadoz so much,

In absence of the man to cheere the wife?

This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.

Q Elnor Thou saidst he tēde six weekes befoze her time.

Why good Sir Squire are you so cunning growen

To make account of womens reckonings:

Spit in your hand and to your other prowes:

Many mischaunces hap in such affaires

To make a woman come befoze her time.

John And where thou saidst he looketh like the King

In action, feature and propoztion:

Therein I holde with this, for in my life

I neuer saw so liuely counter set

Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Judge,

And let me haue my liuing and my right.

Q Elnor Nay heare you Sir, you runne a way too fast:

Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem?*

O, haue read in, *Harke ye good sir,*

It was thus I warrant, and no other wise,

She lay with *Sir Robert* your Father, and thought vpon
King

King Richard my Sonne, and so your Brother was formed
in this fashion.

Robert Madame, you wrong me thus to test it out,
I craue my right: King *John* as thou art King.
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

John Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are frivoulous,
Nor canst thou challenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime,
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Ireuscable, as I am King of England.
For thou knowst not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife:
And as they say, so shall thy living passe.

Robert My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Unto themselves. Can there be likelihood
That she will loose?

O, he will giue the living from himselfe?
It may not be my Lord. Why should it be?

John Lords keepe him back, and let him heare the doome.
Essex, first aske the Mother whise who was his Dire?

Essex Ladie *Margaret* Widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip*?

Mother Please it your Maicstie, Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Robert This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

John Aske *Philip* whose Sonne he is.

Essex *Philip*, who was thy Father?

Philip Was my Lord, and thats a question: and you had
not taken some paines with her before, I should haue desired
you to aske my Mother.

John Say who was thy Father?

Philip Faich (my Lord) to answere you sure he is my fa-
ther that was nearest my mother when I was gotten, & him
I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John *Essex*, for fashions sake demaund agen,
And so an ende to this contention.

Robert Was euer man thus wrongd as *Robert* is?

Essex Philip Speake I say, who was thy father?

John Dong man how now, what art thou in a traunce?

Elianos Philip awake, the maunts in a dreame.

Philip Philippus atanis adite Regibus.

What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?

Quome rapit tempestas?

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?

O: whence pzoeeve these fumes of Daieslie?

We thinke I heare a hollow *Eccho* sound,

That *Philip* is the Sonne unto a King:

The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,

Whille in consort I am *Richards* Sonne:

The bubling murmur of the waters fall,

Records *Philippus Regis filius*:

Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,

Filling the ayre with glozie of my birth:

Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines. *Eccho*, all

Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* Sonne.

Fond man, ah whether art thou carried?

How are thy thoughts pwrapt in *Heavens* heauen?

Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.

Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,

These thoughts are farre unfitting *Fauconbridge*:

And well they may; for why this monning minde

Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*,

Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?

And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?

Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine

Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?

No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,

What ere thou thinkest, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

John Speake man, be sodaine, who thy father was.

Philip Please it your Daieslie, Sir *Robert*

Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy lawes:

It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say

Say I am Sonne unto a *Fauconbridge*.
Let land and liuing goe, tis honours fire
That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Base to a King addes title of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.

Robert *Robert* reuue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltering tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mother What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my sonnet
Philip *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.

John Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee toy, greater than thy desert.

Q *Eliano*r Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne ?
Philip Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath :
And with this Proverb gin the world anew,
Delp hands, I haue no lands, honour is my desire ;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthe so great a Sire.

Elinor *Philip*, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde ;
But chere the boy, I will not see the want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land ;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine Uncle here,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde.

John *Philip* kneele down, that thou maist thoroughly know
How much thy resolution pleasech vs,
Rise by Sir *Richard Plantaginet* K. *Richards* Sonne.

Phil. Graunt heauens that *Philip* once may shew himself
Worthe the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or basest glozie of a Bastards name.

John Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates :
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,

He cease the lazie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The Pope and Poplings shall not greafe themselves
With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due,
Thus forwarde Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forwarde mightely to *Fraunce*. Execunt.
Manet *Philip* and his Mother.

Philip Madame Hee'eech you deigne me so much leasure
as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.

Mother Whats the matter *Philip*. I thinke your sute in
secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burns
in the bottome of my chest.

Phil. No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or bozrow,
But such a sute, as might some other grane,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother A Gods name let vs heare it.

Philip Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath ruina'd by and downe,
I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.

This grosse attaint so titeeth in my thoughtes,
Maintaining combat to abridge my ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
Whats I doo, or where soere I am,
I cannot chafe the slaunder from thy thoughtes.

If it be true, resolue me of my Sire,
For pardon Madame, if I thinke amisse.

Be *Philip* *Philip* and no *Fauconbridge*,
His Father doubtles was as braue a man.

To you on knees as sometime *Phaeton*,
Mistrusting lilly *Merop* for his Sire,
Straying a litle bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraughte.

Mother Yet moze adoo to haste me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a *Wothers* crosse?
But I accuse myself to close with you?

Shoun.

Slander my self to quiet your affects:
Thou mockst me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Philip Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceipt driues dutie hence awhile:
Your husband *Fauconbridge* was Father to that sonne,
That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks bzeach,
And holds my right, as lineall in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.

Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent:
By brothers minde is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affeas,
And his externall graces that you view

(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chappre, and mine the seate of Steele.

Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely iudge vs both one Countrey borne.
This *Madame*, this, hath done me from my selfe:
And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I wish you, if you resolue me not.

Mother Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vge no further what thou doost require.

Philip Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,
Or els she dies: Fle not infringe my vow.

Mother Unhappy talke: must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die?
Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,
Or take from him awhile his hearings vs,
Why with I so, unhappy as I am?

The

123

56.0.0
84.0.0
175.0.0
95.0.0
56.0.0
35.0.0
86.0.0
1.2.0
217.2.0
1214
1000
1777
1777

The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,
I blush, I faine, oh would I might be mute.

Philip Mother be grieft, I long to know my name.

Mother And longing dye to showd thy Mothers shame.

Philip Come Madame come, you neede not be so loth,
The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.

Itt not a slacknes in me worthe blame,

To be soolde, and cannot write my name.

Good Mother resolue me.

Mother Then *Philip* heare thy fortune and my grieft,

My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,

My shame, thy name, and hus bands secret wrong,

All maind and skaind by youths unruly sway.

And when thou knowest from whence thou art extraughte,

Or if thou kneest what lutes, what thyreates, what feares,

To maoue by loue, or massacre by death.

To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.

The mightines of him that courted me,

Who tempred terroz with his wanton talke,

That somerhing may extenuate the guilt.

But let it not aduantage me so much:

Uppaid me rather with the *Romane* Dame

That shed her blood to wash away her shame.

Why stand I to expostulate the crime

With *pro & contra*, now the dede is don,

When to conclude two wordes may tell the tale,

That *Philips* Father was a Princes Son,

Rich *Englands* rule, wordes onely terroz hee,

For honours losse left me with childe of thee:

Whose Sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,

For faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.

Philip Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee toy,

My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy.

Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,

There's somerhing owing to *Plantagmet*.

I marrie Sir, let me alone so; game,

He act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Maria* He not sell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my *Fathers* foes,
Away good *Mother*, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewes*, *Limoges*, *Constance*, and her sonne *Arthur*.

King Now gin we broach the title of thy claime
Doyng *Arthur* in the *Albion* Territories,
Scaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant sledge:
Braue *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our Forces toyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the *West*,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an irresistible shock
Controld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Dy made a forfeit of my fame to *Chaunce*.

Constance May be that *John* in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbe- rance is a deeve well done.

Arthur Ah *Mother*, possession of a Crowne is much,
And *John* as I haue heard reported of,
For present vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witness in his *Brothers* time,
He tooke vpon him rule and almost raigne:
Then must it follow as a doubtfull poyn,
That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his *Nephew*.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares as threats of no esteeme,

C

And

And sooner would he scozne *Europæes* power,
Than lose the smallest tittle he enjoyes;
For questionles he is an Englishman.

Lewes Why are the English pœreles in compare?
Hauē Cavaliers as ere that Iland bred,
Hauē liude and dyde, and darde and doye inough,
Yet neuer graede their Countrey for the cause:
England is England, yēlding good and bad,
And *John* of England is as other *Johns*.
Trust me yong *Arthur*, if thou like my rēde,
Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede.

Lymoges The Englishman hath little cause I trow,
To spend godd speache on so proud a foe,
Why *Arthur* heres his spoyle that now is gon,
Who when he liude outroude his Brother *John*:
But hadie cures that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch.
But newes comes now, heres the Embassabour.
Enter *Chattilion*.

K Philip And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattilion*:
What newes? will *John* accord to our commaund.

Chattilion Be I not b, tise to tell your Highnes all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe hottome brought vs both to *Fraunce*.
He on his part will try the chaunce of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe and all his followers,
Ere yēld vnto the least of your demaunds.
The Pother *Quēne* she taketh on amaine
Sainst Ladie Constance, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a *Grandames* care,
To leaue his Pother; willing him submit
His state to *John* and her p, tecton,
Who (as she saith) are studious for his good:
Doye circumstance the sealon intercepts:

Thia

This is the summe, which briefly I haue shawne.

K. Phil. This bitter winde must nip some bodys spring,
Sodaine and byefe, why so, tis harvestt weather.

But say *Chattilion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chattilion Of England Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salsbury*,

The onely noted men of any name,

Next them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,

A hardy wilde head, tough and venturous,

With many other men of high resolute.

Then is there with them *Elinor* Mother Queene,

And *Blanch* her Niece daughter to the King of *Spaine* :

These are the prime Birds of this hot aduventure.

Enter *John* & his followers, *Queene*, *Bastard*, *Earles*, &c.

K. Philip He seemeth *John* an ouer-daring spirit

Effect's some frenzie in thy rash approach,

Treading my Confines with thy armed Troupes.

I rather look for some submisse reply

Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes

To that which thou vniustly dost vsurpe.

K. John For that *Chattilion* can discharge you all,

I list not plead my Title with my tongue.

Not name I hether with intent of wrong

To *Fraunce* or thee, or any right of thine;

But in defence and purchase of my right,

The Towne of *Angiers* : which thou doost begirt

In the behalfe of Ladie *Constance* Sonne,

Whereto no he nor she can lay iust claime.

Constance Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,

And headstrong vsurpation put apart,

Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,

Without ambiguous shadow of discent,

Is Soueraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

Q. Elinor His gouern'd Gossip, staine to this resort,

Occasion of these vndecided iarres,

I say (that know) to check thy vaine supposse.

Thy Sonne hath naught to doo with that he claymes.

For prooffe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he by right by descent.

Constance A Will indeede, a crabbed *Womans* will,
Wherein the *Diuell* is an ouer seer,
And proud dame *Elnor* sole Executresse:
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The law intends such testaments as boyd,
Where right descent can no way be impeacht.

Q. Elnor Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
To soare with perill after *Icarus*,
And trust me yongling for the *Fathers* sake,
I pittie much the hazard of thy youth.

Constance Bespew you els how pitifull you are,
Readie to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such *Grandames* and such grieffe,
That mislister a popson for pure loue,
But who so blinde, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his *Father* should be vsed too well?
I theres the grieffe, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shifts to stop a *Princes* raigne.

Q. Elnor Impatient, frantike, common slanderer,
Immodest Dame, vnnurured quarreller,
I tell thee I, not cruite to thy *Son*,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue don.

K. Philip But heres no proof that shoves your son a *King*.

K. John What wants, my sword shal more at large set downe.

Lewes But that may breake befoze the truth be knowne.

Bastard Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

Lymoges Good words sir sauce, your betters are in place.

Bastard For you sir doughtie with your *Lions* case.

Blanch Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoile belongs
Ah *Richard* how thy glozie here is wrongd,

Lymoges He thinkes that *Richards* pride, & *Richards* fall,
Should

Thomas Reid

Should be a president t'astright pou all.

Bastard What words are these? how doo my Anets shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuendge,
This hart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whisper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchles montiment
Thy fathers triumph oze the Sauages,
Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing
flaue,

What makst thou with the Trophie of a King?
Shamst thou not coyftrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too precious for a Honarchs couerture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne.
For by his soule I sweare, my fathers soule,
Twice will I not reuiew the Hornings rift,
Till I haue tozns that Trophie from thy back,
And split thy heart, for wearing it so long,
Philip hath swozne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* Sonne.

Lymoges: Nay soft sir *Bastard*, harts are not split so soone,
Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win:
And take this lesson at thy soemans hand,
Dawne not thy life, to get thy fathers skin.

Blanch Well may the world speake of his knightly valor,
That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

Bastard All may I thiuue, and nothing brooke with mee,
If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Philip Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
That deedes may trie what words cannot determine.

And to the purpose for the cause you come,
The same you see right in chance of warre,
Seeing no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.

So wrong shall be suborned by trust of strength:
A Tyrant practise to inuest himselfe,
Where weak resistance giueth wrong the way,
To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,
I in the right of *Arthur Geffreys Sonne*,
Am come before this Citie of *Angiers*,
To barre all other false supposed claime,
From whence or howsoere the error springs,
And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
Ile fight it out vnto the latest man.

John K. of *Fraunce*, I will not be commaunded
By any power or Prince in Christendome,
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,
None than to answer, that mine owne is mine.
But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,
And heare them offer me alleageance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Philip Summon them, I will not beleue it till I see
it, and when I see it Ile soone change it.
They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare vpon the
walls.

K. John You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loyall
Subjects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on
my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am
perswaded you are not. In few words, our Brothers Sonne,
backt with the King of *Fraunce*, haue beleagred your Towne
vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence whereof
I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from
the Usurper, to free your intended seruitude, and venterly to
supplant the foemen, to my right & your rest. Say then, who
keepe you the Towne for?

Citizen For our lawfull King.

John

John I was no lesse perswaded: then in Gods name open
your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen And it please your Highnes we comptroll not your
title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance: if you bee
lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vse, if not
King, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more
considerate triall; we answere not as men lawles, but to the
behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

John I shall not come in then?

Citizen No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Philip Then heare me speake in the behalfe of *Arthur*
Sonne of *Geffrey* elder Brother to *John*, his title manifest
without contradiction to the Crowne and Kingdome of Eng-
land, with *Angiers* and diuers Townes on this side the sea:
will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in
my word to incertaine you with all fauours as becometh a
King to his subiects, or ascend to his wel-willers: or stand
to the perill of your contemp, when his title is prooued by
the sword.

Citizen We answere as before till you haue prooued one
right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our
Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme subiects, and fo
him, and in his right we hold our Towne as desirous to know
the truth as loath to subscribe before we knowe: More than
this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not doo.

K. Philip Then *John* I desire thee in the name and behalfe
of *Arthur Plantagines* thy King and coulin, whose right and
parrimonie thou detaineest, as I doubt not ere the day ende in
a set battell make thee confesse; whereunto with a zeale to
right I challenge thee.

K. John I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to
thy choate.

Excursions. The Bastard chafeth *Lymoges*, the Austrich
Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

Bastard And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest.
Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly obiects of pale threating *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with stearne looks;
Let shadowe temper terroz in his thoughts,
And let the terroz make the coward mad,
And in his madnes let him feare pursue,
And so in frenzie let the peasant die.
Here is the ranome that allayes his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne:
With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* statue did the fainting *Greekes*. Exit.

Enter the Kings Herolds with Trumpets to the wals of
Angiers: they summon the Towne.

Eng. Herold *John* by the grace of God King of England,
Lord of Ireland, *Anion*, *Toraine*, &c. demaundeth once againe
of you his subiects of *Angiers*, if you will quietly surrender
by the Towne into his hands?

Fr. Herold *Philip* by the grace of God King of Fraunce, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of Britaine, if you will surrender by the Towne into his hands, to the vse of the said *Arthur*.

Citizens Herolds goe tell the two victorious Princes,
that we the poore Inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parle of
these *Patresties*.

Herolds We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianon*, *Blaunch*, *Bastard*, *Lymoges*, *Lewes*, *Castilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Constance*,
and *Arthur* Duke of Britaine.

John Herold, what answer doo the Townsmen send?

Philip

Philip Will Angiers yeld to Philip King of Francke,
En. Her. The Townsmen on the wals accept your Grace.
Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maiestie.

John You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes
Haue made spon the coward frawdfull French:
And haue you wisely pondered therewithall
Pour gaine in yeelding to the English King &

Philip Their losse in yelding to the English King.
But John, they saw from out their highest Towers
The Cheualiers of Francke and crossebow shot
Make lanes of slaughtered bodies through thine hoast,
And are resolute to yelde to Arthurs right.

John Why Philip, though thou brauest it foze the walls,
Thy conscience knowes that John hath wonne the field.

Philip What ere my conscience knows, thy Armie feeleth
That Philip had the better of the day.

Bastard Philip Indeeve hath got the Lyons case,
Which here he holds to Lymoges disgrace,
Bafe Duke to sipe and leaue such spoiles behinde:
But this thou knewst of foze to make mee stay.
It sarde with thee as with the marriner,
Syping the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines foze the winde,
That throwes out emptic vessels, so to stay
His furie, while the ship doth saile away.

Philip tis thine: and foze this Princely presence,
Madame I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first aduerture I atchieud,
And first exployt your Grace did enioyne:
Pet many moze I long to be enioynd.

Blaunch Philip I take it, and I thee commaund
To weare the same as earst thy Father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
Encourage thee to follow Richards fame.

Arthur Ye Citizens of Angiers, are ye mute?

D

Arthur

Arthur or John, say which shall be your King?

Citizen We care not which, if once we knew the right,
But till we know we will not yeeld our right.

Bastard Hight *Philip* counsell two so mightie Kings,
As are the Kings of *England* and of *France*,
We would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,
Pulling their battered walls about their eares.
The Towne once wonne then strue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citizen Kings, Princes, Lords & Knights assembled here,
The Citizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your Maestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

John, Philip. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citizen Then thus: whereas that yong & lustie knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
The motion cannot choose but please the good,
And such as loue the quiet of the Seate.
But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and murinies:
But vnto peace your forces should be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie:
Do this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way
And stand wide open to your hartes content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remains one onely honozable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of *France*,
A man of nated valor through the world,
Is yet vnmarried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the King of *Spain*,
Niece to *K. John*, the louely *Ladie Blanche*,
Begotten on his Sifter *Eliane*.

With her in marriage will her vncle glue
Castles and Towers as fitteth such a match.
The Kings thus toynd in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with *Arthur Duke of Britaine*,
Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euerie way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

Arthur A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elianor Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou louest
thy mother,

Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall haue small succour out of *Fraunce*.

John Brother of *Fraunce*, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herin.

Constance Why *John*, what canst thou giue vnto thy Neece,
That hast no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right?

Lewis By Ladie Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely Damsell is the Ladie *Blanche*,
Worthie the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Constance What Kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now Lords? accursed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall Plannet at thy birthday raignd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Philip Ladie, and Duke of *Britaine*, know you both,
The King of *Fraunce* respects his honoz more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne,
If we vpon conditions could agree?

D 2

Bastard

Bastard Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman
Slave as I was, I thought to haue mooude the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That Lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of stoz of English land.

Q. Elinor Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with pollicie compound this strife.

Bastard If *Lewes* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke Frenchman take no scoyne,
If *Philip* front him with an English ho:ne.

John Ladie, what answere make you to the King of *France*?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

Blanch I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least being too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elinor Sonne *John*, and worthy *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*,
Doo you confer awhile about the Dower,
And I will schoole my modest Niece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done.

Constance I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,
Why spee I not vpon the Beldames face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.

Arthur Swete Mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
D would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could asoord it to appease these broyles.
But mother let vs wisely winke at all:
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speach.

Philip Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my Sonne in marriage with thy Niece?

John First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*
To be so great as may content a King:
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.

For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.

Philip Then I demaund *Volquesson, Torain, Main,*
Poitiers and *Anion*, these five Prouinces,
Which thou as King of *England* holdst in *France*:
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Bastard No lesse than five such Prouinces at once?

John Whether what shall I doo? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our English blood:
And shall I giue it all away at once?

Q. Elinor *John* giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,
And keepe the residue sanz leopardie.

Ion Philip bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Queene,
And here in marriage I doo giue with her
From me and my Successors English Kings,
Volquesson, Poitiers, Anion, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.
Now Citizens, how like you of this match?

Citizen We ioy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lewes *Lewes* with *Blanch* shall euer liue content.
But now King *John*, what say you to the Duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

Philip K. *John*, be good vnto thy Nephew here,
And giue him somewhat that shall please thee best.

John *Arthur*, although thou troublest *Englands* peace:
Yet here I giue thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the Earldome of *Richmont*,
And this rich Citie of *Angiers* withall.

Q. Elinor And if thou seeke to please thine Anckle *John*,
Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee.

John Now euery thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in *S. Marias* Chappell presently
Shalbe performed ere this presence part. Excunt.

Manent *Constance* & *Arthur*.

Arthur Hadam good cheere, these drouping languishmētes

Adde no remedde to salue our awkward haps,
If heauens haue concluded these euentis,
To sinall auaille is bitter pensurues:
Seasons will change, and so our present griefe
May change with them, and all to our reliefe.

Constance Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.
But I, who see the popse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
What toy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doth disagree?

Arthur Yet Ladies teeres, and cares, and solemne shotes,
Rather than helpes, heape by more worke for woes.

Constance If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implorers reuenge;

Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,
This cursed Countrey, where the traytors breath,
Whose periturie as proud *Briareus*,
Beleaguers all the Skie with misbeliefe.

He promist *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride:

But now black-spotted Periture as he is,
He takes a cruce with *Elnors* damned hat,

And marries *Lewes* to her louely *Reece*,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-daves gift
Betwene these louers: All betide the match.

And as they shoulder thee from out thy owne,
And triumph in a widdowes tearefull cares:

So heauens crosse them with a thirstles course,
Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,

Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
Growne to a louegame and a Biddall feast:

And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes?
Dooze helpley boy, hopeles and helpley too,

To whom misfortune seemes no yoke at all.

Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
Wounderth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why lookst thou pale & the colour thy face,
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it moodie with wyl doles discourse,
Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
We must obscure this mone with melodie,
Least wofler wack ensue our malecontent. Exeunt.

Enter the King of England, the King of Fraunce, Arthur,
Bastard, Lewes, Lymoges, Coustance, Blanche, Chattilion,
Pembroke, Salisburie, and Elianor.

John This is the day, the long desired day,
Wherin the Realmes of England and of Fraunce
Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace,
Thyce happie is the Bridgroom and the Bride,
From whose sweete Bridale such a concord springs,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.
Constance Ungodly peace made by an others warre.
Philip Unhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge.
Rouse thee Plantaginet, liue not to see
The butcher of the great Plantaginet.
Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,
Pardon my rashnes, and forgie the zeale
That caries me in furie to a deede
Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone O Kings, a boone doth Philip beg
Prostrate vpon his knee: which knee shall cleaue
Unto the superficies of the earth,
Till Fraunce and England graunt this glorious boone.
John Speake Philip, England graunts thee thy request.
Philip And Fraunce confirms what ere is in his power.
Bastard Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
Too bale a ransome for my fathers life,
Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke

Force
Booke
B
B
B

That

That haues it in dishonour of my Sire.
Your words are past nor can you now reuerse
The Princely promise that rcuines my soule,
Whereat me thinks I see his sinnewes shake:
This is the boon (vnto Lozds) which granted once
Or life or death are pleasant to my soule;
Since I shall liue and die in *Richards* right.

Lymoges Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King,
To interrupt these holy nuptiall ryles
With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace:
Let it suffice, I scozme to ispyne in fight,
With one so farre vnequall to my selfe.

Bastard A fine excuse, Kings if you wil be Kings,
Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.

John Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
Being a subiect vnto neither Realme:
But tell me *Austria*, if an English Duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?

Lymoges Els let the world account the *Austrich* Duke
The greatest coward liuing on the Earth.

John Then cheere thee *Philip*, *John* will keepe his word,
Kneele downe, in sight of *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
And all these Princely Lozds assembled here,
I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I doo inuest thee Duke:
So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferiour vnto *Austria*.

Lymoges K. *John*, I tell thee flatly to thy face
Thou wrongst mine honour: and that thou maist see
How much I scozme thy new made Duke and thee,
I flatly say, I will not be compeld:

And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,
Ile finde a time to match you for this geere. *Exit.*

John Stay *Philip*, let him goe the honours thine.

Bastard I cannot liue vnles his life be mine.

Q. Elianor Thy forwardnes this day hath toyd my soule.
And

John Philip
Lymoges
Bastard
Q. Elianor

And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. Philip Lordings lets in, and spend the wedding day
In makkes and triumphs, letting quarrells cease.

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*.

Card. Stay King of *France*, I charge thee loyn not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know *John*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of *Millaine*, and
Legate from the *See* of *Rome*, demaund of thee in the name
of our holy Father the *Pope Innocent*, why thou dost (contra-
rie to the lawes of our holy mother the Church, and our holpe
father the *Pope*) disturbe the quiet of the Church, and disanull
the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his Holines hath ele-
cted Archbishop of *Canterburie*: this in his Holines name I
demaund of thee?

John And what hast thou of the *Pope* thy maister to doo to
demaund of me, how I employ mine owne? Know sir *Priest*
as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scozne to
be subiect to the greatest *Bishop* in the world. Tell thy *Ma-
ster* so from me, and say, *John* of *England* said it, that neuer an
Italian *Priest* of them all, shall either haue eythe, tole, or po-
ling penie out of *England*, but as I am King, so will I raigne
next vnder God, supream head both ouer spirituall and tem-
rall: and hee that contradicts me in this, He make him hoppe
headlesse.

K. Philip What King *John*, know you what you say, thus
to blaspheme against our holy father the *Pope*.

John Philip, though thou and all the *Princes* of *Christen-
dome* suffer themselves to be abused by a *Bishop*s flauerte,
my minde is not of such bale temper. If the *Pope* will bee
King in *England*, let him winne it with the sword, I know no
other title he can alleage to mine inheritance.

Card. *John*, this is thine answer?

John What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padoa*, Legate from the Apo-
stolike

holick Sea, doo in the name of *S. Peter* and his successor our
holy Father *Pope Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed dischar-
ging euery of thy subiectes of all dutie and fealtie that they
do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiuenes of sinne to those of
them whatsoeuer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or
murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to
abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

John So sir, the more the Fox is curst the better a fere: if
God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope and his shauelings
curse and spare not.

Card. Furthermoze I charge thee *Philip* King of *France*,
and al the Kings and Princes of *Chritendome*, to make war
hypon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league
with him, and confirmed it by oath, I do in the name of our
soresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath as unlawful,
being made with an heretike, how saist thou *Philip*, doost thou
obey?

John Brother of *Fraunce*, what say you to the Cardinal?

Philip I say, I am sorry for your Daictrie, requesting
you to submit your selfe to the Church of *Rome*.

John And what say you to our league, if I doo not submit?

Philip What should I say? I must obry the Pope.

John Obey the Pope, and bryake your oath to God?

Philip The Legate hath absolude me of mine oath:

Then peeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

John Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thee,
falle as thou art, and periurde K. of *Fraunce*,
Unworthe man to be accounted King.

Giue thou thy sword into a Prelates hands?

Pandolph, where I of Abbots, Donkes and Friers
haue taken some what to maintaine my warres,

Now will I take no more but all they haue.

He rowze the lazy ludders from their Cells,

And in despighe He send them to the Pope.

Goether, come you with me, and for the rest

Chard will not with *John* in this attempt.

Con-

Confusion light vpon their damned soules.
 Come Lords, fight for your King that fighteth for your good.
Philip And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy selfe shalt see.
 How *Fraunce* will fight for *Rome* and *Romish* rites.
 Nobles, to armes, let him not passe the seas,
 Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead
 The *K. of England* to the gates of *Rome*.
Arthur, bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see
 What *Philip K. of Fraunce* will doo for thee.
Blanche And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
 Forsake your Bride and follow dreadfull drums:
 Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee.
Lewis Sweete heart content thee, and we shall agree.
Philip Follow me Lords, Lord *Cardynall* lead the way,
 Drums shalbe musique to this wedding day. *Exeunt.*

Excursions. The Bastard pursues *Austria*, and kills
 him.

Bastard Thus hath *K. Richards* Sonne perforce his
 bowes.
 And offered *Austria* bloud for sacrifice
 Vnto his fathers euerliuing soule.
Braue Cordelion, now my heart doth say,
 I haue deseru'd, though not to be thy heire
 Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
 A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
 As to be cald the Duke of *Normandie*.
 Lie there a pray to euery prauening fowler:
 And as my Father triumpht in thy spoiles,
 And trode thine *Ensignes* vnderneath his feete,
 So doo I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,
 And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food. *Exit.*

Excursions. *Arthur*, *Constance*, *Lewis*, haying taken
Q. Elianor prisoner.

of Philip
 of morston
 in the
 Couerles

Constance Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering
arme

Dispeart the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturber of thy Countreyes peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefes hatched in thy braine.

Q Elinor Contemptuous dame vnreuent Dutches thou,
To braue so great a Queene as *Elinor*,
Wife scoldst thou forgot, that I was wife,
And mother to thre mighty English Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth lie Boy,
To set your Grandmother at libertie,
And yield to *John* your Uncle and your King.

Constance Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it,
Elinor Nor yet thy threates proud Dame shal daunt my
minde.

Arthur Sweete Grandame, and good Mother leaue these
bawles.

Elinor Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

Constance By time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arthur Good Mother weigh it is Queene *Elinor*,
Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe.
Sweete Grandamle beare with what my Mother sayes,
Your Highnes shalbe vsed honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Lewes my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, *K. John* relyes his men,
And giues the fight afresh: and sweates withall
To lole his life, or set his Mother free.

Lewes *Arthur* away, tis time to looke about.

Elinor Why how now dame, what is your courage cold?

Constance No *Elinor*, my courage gathers strength,

And

And hopes to lead both *John* and thee as slaues :
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. *Exeunt.*

Excursions. *Eliano*r is rescued by *John*, and *Arthur*
is taken prisoner. *Exeunt.* Sound victorie.

Enter *John*, *Eliano*r, and *Arthur* Prisoner, *Bastard*, *Pembroke*,
Salisbury, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

John Thus right triumphs, and *John* triumphs in right.
Arthur thou seest, *France* cannot bolster thee :
Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall,
But if at last, Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe,
Into the gardance of thine Uncle *John*,
Thou shalt be used as becomes a Prince.

Arthur Uncle, my Granvame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Right hath preuailed not right, for I am King
Of *England*, though thou weare the Diadem.

*Q. Eliano*r Sonne *John*, soone shall we teach him to forget
These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.

John Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liued not to remember it,
But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our Popelings there,
That swell with pride, and fat of lay mens lands.

Philip I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransack the Abbeyes, Cloysters, Priories,
Conuert their copne vnto my souldiers vse :
And whatsoere he be within my Land,
That goes to *Rome* for iustice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudgde a traitor to the State,
And suffer as an enemy to *England*.

Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in *France*,

While we to England take a speedie course,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie,
Hubert de Burgh take Arthur here to thee,
Be he thy prisoner: Hubert keepe him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes crowne,
But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse:
Then Hubert, as thou shortly hearst from me,
So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hubert Frolick yong Prince, though I your keeper bee,
Yet shall your keep: r liue at your commaund.

Arthur As please my God, so shall become of me.

Q. Eleanor My Sonne to England, I will see thee hye,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

Bastard Now warres are done, I long to be at home
To dine into the Honkes and Abbots bags,
To make some sport among the smooth skin Runnes,
And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers.

John To England Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme yourselues against the Romane pride. Exeunt.

Enter the K. of France, Lewis his sonne, Cardinal Pandolph Legate, and Constance.

Philip What euery man atache with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of France?
He thinkes it differs from a warlike minde
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had Lymoges escape the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might haue serued our losse.
Haue Austria, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

Card. His soule is safe and free from Purgatorie,
Our holy Father hath dispent his sinnes,
The blessed Saines haue heard our orisons,
And all are Mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His holines free pardon doth pronounce

Q. Eleanor My Sonne to England, I will see thee hye,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

Princes

To all that follow you gainst English heretiques,
Who stand accursed in our mother Church.

Enter *Constance* alone.

Philip To aggravate the measure of our grieke,
All malcontent comes *Constance* for her Sonne.
Be brieve good Madame, for your face imports
A tragick tale be hinde that's yet untolde.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorow throbberh misbefalne euentz,
Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

Const. My tongue is tunde to storie forch mishap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let teares prevent her taik:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
She weepes againe to heare the wrack of *Troy*:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud bzat hath robd me of my Sonne.

Lewes Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of warre:
He may be ranfomde, we reuenge his wrong.

Constance Be it ner so soone, I shall not liue so long.

Philip Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, goe with me,
These clowdes will fleet, the day will cleare againe. Exeunt.

Card. Now *Lewes*, thy fortune buds with happie spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effectech this.

Arthur is safe, let *John* alone with him,
Thy title next is faire to *Englands* Crowne:
Now stirre thy Father to begin with *John*,
The Pope sayes I, and so is *Albion* thine.

Lewes Thankes my Loyd Legate for your good conceipt,
Tis best we follow now the game is faire,
My Father wants to worke him your good words.

Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Thole shal not want: but lets about it then. Exeunt.

Handwritten notes:
Romulus
Dido
Troy
John
Albion
Cardinal

Enter *Philip* leading a *Frier*, charging him to show where
the Abbots golde lay.

Philip Come on you fat *Franciscans*, dallie no longer, but
shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

Frier *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer such an inuirtle.
Sweete *S.* Withold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,
And heare vs for *S.* Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.
In nomini Domini, make I my homstie,
Gentle Gentilitie grieue not the Cleargie.

Philip Grey govd good face, coniure ye,
ner trust me for a groate,
If this waste girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coate.

Now halde and barefoote *Bungie* bleds
when by the gallowes climbing,
Say *Philip* he had wordes inough
to put you downe with ryming.

Frier A pardon, O parce, *Saint Frannces* for mercie,
Shall shield thee from nigbtspells and dreaming of diuells,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,
With fasting and praying, and Haile *Marie* saying.
From black *Purgatorie* a penance right sozie.

Frier *Thomas* will warme you,
It shall neuer harne you.

Philip Come leane off your rabble,
Sirs hang by this lozell.

Frier For charitie I beg his life,
Saint Franncis chiefest *Frier*,
The best in all our Couene Sir,
to keepe a *Winters* tier.

O strangle not the good olde man,
my hostelle oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by
vnto the *Priors* chest.

Philip

Philip I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the frier is at libertie,
If not, as I am honest man, Ile hang you both for companie.

Frier Come hecher, this is the chest though simple to behold
That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in gold.

Myselfe will warrant full so much, I know the Abbots stoze,
Ile payne my life there is no lesse to haue what ere is moze.

Philip I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share shall
come,

But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay the sum.

Breake vp the Coffer, *Frier*.

Frier Oh I am vndun, faire *Alice* the Nun
Hathooke by her rest in the Abbots chest.

Sante benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.

Fie *Alice*, confession will not salue this transgression.

Philip What haue wee here, a holy Nun? So keepe mee
God in health,

A smooth facte Nunne (for dought I knowe) is all the Abbots
wealth.

Is this the Nonnes chastitie? Bespewe me but I thinke
They goe as oft to Uenery, as niggards to their drinke.

Why paltry *Frier* and *Pandar* too, yee shamelesse shauen
crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hood, at least a thousand pound?
And is the hood a holy whoze? Wel be the hangman nimble,
Woe'le take the paine to paye you home, and teach you to dis-
semble.

Nunne O spare the *Frier Anthony*, a better neuer was
To sing a Dirige solemnly, or read a mozning Masse.

If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hood this seauen yeares, did neuer see the sunne;

And that is yours, and what is ours, so fauour now be showne,
You shall command as commonly, as if it were your owne,

Frier Your honour excepted.

Nunne I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Philip From all saue from *Friers*.

Nunne Good Sir, doo not thinke so?

Philip I thinke and see so : why how came thou here ?

Frier To hide her from lay men.

Nunne 'Tis true sir, for feare.

Philip For feare of the laytie : a pittfull dzed

When a Nunne lies for succour to a fat Friers bed.

But now for your ransome my Cloyster-bred Conney,

To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much money.

Nunne Faire Sir, within this presse, of place & money is

The balew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.

Let vs alone, and take it all, 'tis yours Sir, now you know it.

Philip Come on sir Frier, pick the locke, this geere dooth
cotton hanfome,

That couetousnes so cunningly must pay y letchers ransom.

What is in the boord ?

Frier Frier Laurence my Lord, now holy water help vs,

Some witch, or some diuell is sent to delude vs :

Haud credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndon,

And brought to discrevence if thou be Frier Laurence,

Frier *Amor vincit omnia*, so *Cato* affirmeth,

And therefore a Frier whose sancte soone burneth:

Because he is mortall and made of mould,

He omits what he ought, and doth moze than he should.

Philip How goes this geere ? the Friers chest shaloe with
a faulsen Nunne,

The Nunne again locks Frier by, to keep him froe the Sun.

Be like the presse is purgatorie, or penance passing grieuous :

The Friers chest a hel for Nuns. How do these doles deceiue

To this the labour of their liues to seade and liue at ease, (vs ?

To reuell solascitiously as often as they please.

He mend the fault or faule my ayne, if I do misse amending,

'Tis better burn y cloisters down than leaue the for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake, to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holdes the summe to quite you for your
cuill.

Nunne *I erie Peccani*, parcs me, god Sir I was beguils.

Frier

Frier Absolve Sir for charitie she would be reconcilde.
Phi. And so I shall, first binde them fast, this is their absolutiō,
So hang them up for hurting them, hast them to execution.

Fr. Lawrence *O tempus edax rerum,*
Geeve children bokes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning etatis,
At theescope welneere to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog to dye like a dog.

Exaudi me Domine, siuis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling for my linc's sparing.

Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people.

Peter *Hoe, who is here, S. Frannces* be your spēt,
Come in my flock, and follow me, your fortunes I will reed
Come hether boy, goe get thee home, and clime not ouerhie:
For from aloft thy fortune stands in hazard thou shalt die.

Boy God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our house
a Sunday.

Peter *By* boy show me thy hand, blese thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are p̄bent to dwell,
But thou shalt scape them all and doo full well.

Boy I thanke you *Peter*, theres a chcese for your labor: my
sister prayes ye to come home, & tell her how many husbands
she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of bacon.

Peter *By* masters, stay at the towns end for me, I'll come
to you all anon: I must dispatch some buisness with a *Frier*,
and then I'll read your fortunes.

Philp How now, a Prophet? *Sir* prophet whence are ye?

Peter I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as
others by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt
be I know. If thou knowest me now be answered: if not, en-
quire no more what I am.

Phil. *Sir*, I know you will be a dissembling knaue, that
deludes the people with blinde propheties: you are him I
looke for, you shall away with me: bring away all the rabble.

and you *Frier Laurence* remember your raunfome a hundred
pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest come on. *Sir*
Prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a *Prophets* rewarde.
Exeunt.

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

Hubert My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I
haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauie countenan-
ces, you had rather be otherwise inployed, and for my owne
part, I would the King had made choyce of some other execu-
tioner: onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds,
whose preceptes neglected or omitted, threateneth torture for the
default. Therefore in briefe, leaue me, and be readie to attend
the aduventure: stay within that entry, and when you heare me
crie, God saue the King, issue sodainly forth, lay handes on
Arthur, set him in this chayre, wherein (once fast bound) leaue
him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants We goe, though loath. Exeunt.

Hubert My Lord, will it please your Honour to take the
benefite of the faire euening?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*.

Arthur Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly known,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not lose the pleasure of the eye.
But tell me courteous keeper if you can,
How long the King will haue me tarrise heere.

Hubert I know not *Prince*, but as I gesse not long.
God send you freedome, and God saue the King,

They issue forth.

Arthur Why how now sirs, what may this outrage
meane?

O helpe

O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper helpe:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reave a wretched guiltles life.

Hubert So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.

Arthur Then *Arthur* yeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? Good *Hubert* plead the case.

Hubert Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmfull and harsh, hells hozror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.

I faine to tell, deepe sorow is the sound.

Arthur What, must I die?

Hubert No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wynthfull doome, and most unluckie face:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arthur Alas thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis hozror, not for one to heare:

What is it man if it must needs be don,

As it, and end it, that the paine were gon.

Hubert I will not chaunt such volour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.

By heart my head, and all my powers beside,

To aide the office haue at ouce denide.

Peruse this letter, lines of treble woe,

Read oze my charge, and pardon when you knote.

Hubert these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
quiet in minde and the estate of our person, that pre-
sently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out
the eyes of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur Ah monstrous damned man, his very breath in-
fects the elements,

Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,

Effecting meanes to popson all the world.

Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens

Of great iniustice, that the miscreant
 Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
 Ah *Hubert*, makes he thee his instrument
 To found the crowne that can seth hell triumph
 Heauen weepes, the Saints doo shed celestiall teares,
 They feare thy fall, and cye thee with remorse,
 They knock thy conscience, moouing pittie there,
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
 Well *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
 Hangs on performance of this damned deede.
 This seale, the warrant of the bodie blisse,
 Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule:
 Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
 I speake not onely for eyes priuiledge,
 The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy:
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes baine lack;
 A cause internall, and eternall too.
 Advise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
 To loose saluation for a Kings reward.
Hubert My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
 Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.
Arthur. Yet God commaunds, whose power reacheth further,
 That no commaund should stand in force to murder.
Hubert But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
 A death for guile, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.
Hubert But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arthur Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.
Hubert I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.
Arthur His quarrell is unballowed false and wrong.
Hubert Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
 Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.
Hubert Why then no execution can be lawfull,
 If Iudges domes must be reputed doubtfull.

I am of the world.

Arthur

Arthur Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert By Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes by moze griefe, than promise of rebelle;
For this I know, and so resolute I end,
That subjects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arthur Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.

You rowling eyes, whose superficialities yet

I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent:

Send forth the terror of your Hoouers frowne,

To weake my wrong vpon the murderers.

That rob me of your faire reflecting view:

Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee)

Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guyle,

And let the black tormenters of deepe *Tartary*

Uphaide them with this damned enterprize,

Inflicting change of captiues on their soules,

Delay not *Hubert*, my torisons are ended,

Begin I pray thee, reauce me of my sight:

But to performe a tragedie inuade,

Conclude the period with a mortall stab.

Constance farewell, tormentoz come away,

Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

Hubert I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:

Faint did I say, feare was it that I named:

By King commaunds, that warrant sets me free:

But God forbids, and he commaundet Kings,

That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,

He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart,

Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,

Cheere thee yong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eye,

Though I should purchase it with losse of life.

He to the King, and say his will is done,

And

And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not bozne
To blinde those lampes that Nature polliht so,
Arthur Hubert, if euer *Arthur* be in state,
Take for amends of this receiued gift
I toke my eyesight by thy curtesie,
Thou lentest them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procrastination may offend
The issue that thy kindnes undertakes:
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worst,

Excunt.

Enter King Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.
John Now warlike followers resteth ought vpon
That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?
The French haue felt the temper of our swords,
Cold terror keepes possession in their sowles,
Checking their ouerboaring arrogance
For buckling with so great an overmatch.
The Arche proud titled Priest of *Italy*,
That calles himselte grand Vicar vnder God
Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
Halle and monchs minde, dirge and I know not what
To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory,
That haue miscaried in these bloody wartes.
Heard you not Lords when first his holines
Had tidings of our small account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes
He vudge a reason why the English Alle
Disbaingd the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?
The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,
The slavish weight of that controlling Priest:
Who at his pleasure temperd them like ware
To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past

(Simple)

(Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)
Haue run into a thousand acts of shame,
But now for confirmation of our State,
Such we haue praynd the more than needfull haunch
That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,
It resteth we throughout our Territories
Be reproclained and inuested King.

Pembrook My Liege, that were to buckle men with doubts,
Once were you crown'd, proclaim'd, and with applause
Your Title stréttes haue echoed to the eare,
God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne *John*.
Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer
Your Highnes got depos'de from Regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it shoul'd meane to haue you crown'd againe.

John Pembrooke performe what I haue bid thee doo,
Thou knowst not what induceth me to this,
Essex goe in, and Lordings all be gon
About this taske, I will be crown'd anon.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip, what newes, how do the Abbots chesse?
Are friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What chere with Churchmen, had they golde or no?
Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?

Philip My Lord, I haue perform'd your Highnes charge:
The ease byed Abbots and the bare face friers,
The Honkes the Priors and hopy cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had eyehde and tolde their holy hoodes.
I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

John Why so, now loyts it *Philip* as it shoul'd:
This small intrusion into Abbey crunkes,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,

Ⓞ

Curse,

Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,
As thick as hailestones fore the springs approach:
But pee as harmles and without effect,
As is the echo of a Cannons crack
Dischargd against the battlements of heauen.
But what newes els befell there *Philip?*

Bastard Strange newes my Lord: within your territo-
Here *Pomfret* is a Prophet new sprung vp, (ries,
Whose diuination volleys wonders forth;
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,
He sets a date vnto the Belvaines death,
Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,
Distinguisht the mooning of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth,
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine domes of heauen,
Or kept a Register of all the Destinies.

John Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hadst brought
We might haue questiond him of things to come. (the man,

Bastard My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist,
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
He staves my Lord but at the Presence doore:
Pleaseth your Highnes, I will call him in.

John May stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon,
A thing of weighe is first to be perfoxind.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *John*, and then crie
God saue the King.

John Lordings and friends supporters of our state,
Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inuested King,
Your fealtie swozne as Liegmen to our State:

Once

Once since that time ambitious weeds haue sprung
To staine the beautie of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made Sunshine chase the Rorime.
After the which, to try your constancie,
That now I see is worthe of your names,
We craue once moze your helps for to inuest vs
Into the right that enuie sought to wrack.
Once was I not deposde, your former choyce;
Now twice been crowned and applauded King:
Your cheered action to install me so,
Infers assured witness of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thanks the while, thankes Lordings to you all:
Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.

Essex A boon my Lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guard on all our loyalties.

Pembrooke We take the time your Highnes bids vs aske:
Please it you graunt, you make your promise good,
With lesser losse than one superfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

John By words is past, receiue your boone my Lords,
What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.

Essex We craue my Lord, to please the Commons with
The libertie of Ladie Constance Sonne:
Whose durance darkeneth your Highnes right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Dismiss him thence, your Highnes needes not feare,
Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King.

Pembrooke This if you graunt, were all vnto your goods:
For simple people muse you keepe him close.

John Your words haue searcht the center of my thoughts,

Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Dismiss your counsell, sway my state,
Let *John* do nothing but by your consents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this?
Why casts thou by thy eyes to heauen so?

There the five Moones appeare.

Bastard See, see my Lord strange apparitions.
Glancing mine eye to see the Diadem
Plac'd by the Bishops on your Highnes head,
From forth a gloomie cloude, which curtaine like
Display'd it selfe, I so vaine spied
Five Moones reflecting, as you see them now:
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was plac'd
Saw they appeare, holding the course you see.

John What might portend these apparitions,
Unusuall signes, forerunners of euent,
Presagers of strange terror to the world:
Beleeue me Lords the obiect feares me much.
Philip thou toldst me of me of *Wizard* late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pembrooke The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccustom'd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Essex Before the ruines of *Ierusalem*,
Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath
That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne.

Enter the Bastard with the Prophet.

John Is this the man?

Bastard It is my Lord.

John Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
That calculast of many things to come:
Who by a power replete with heauenly gift

Canst

Canst blab the counsell of thy Bakers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrongs by thee,
Decide in cyphering what these five Hoones
Portend this Clyme, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I live to see,
Thy diuination take a true effect,
All honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Peter The Skie where in these Hoones haue residence,
Presenteth Rome the great *Metropolis*,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe,
Fowre of the Hoones present fowre Provinces,
To wit, *Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and Fraunce*,
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding Rome,
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
The smallest Hoone that whirles about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure soorth this Iland *Albion*,
Who gins to scoyne the Sea and State of Rome,
And seeketh to shun the Edicts of the Pope:
This shoves the heaven, and this Hoone auerres
Is figured in these apparitions.

John Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope,
But for they chaunce in our Peridian,
Doo they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this Clyme?

Peter The Hoones effect no more than what I said:
But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my presciency, ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall heighe,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,
Thou shalt be cleane dyspoyld and dyspossest.

John False Dreamer, perissh with thy witched netwes,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, vye for thy tidings pierce;
If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose:

Hence with the Witch, helles damned secretarie.
Lock him vsure: for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the Wizard shall not liue.
Before Ascension day: who should be cause hereof?
Cut off the cause and then the effect will dye.
Cut, cut, my mercie serues to maime my selfe,
The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes spring by,
I and my promise past for his deliury:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
The bzat shall dye, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and Essex I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,
I loue you well, but if I loude you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee.

Hubert According to your Highnes strict commaund
Dong Arthurs eyes are blinded and extinct.

John Why so, when he may seele the crowne, but neuer see it.

Hubert No; see no; seele, for of the extreame paine,

Within one hower gaue he by the Ghost.

John What is he dead?

Hubert He is my Lord.

John Then with him dye my cares.

Essex Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pembrooke And heauens reuenge thy death.

Essex What haue you done my Lord? Was euer heard

A deede of more inhumane consequence?

Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge,

Unkindly rage more rough than Northern winde,

To chip the beautie of so swete a flower.

What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,

When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,

As you haue done, so come to chere you with,

The guilt shall neuer be cast me in my teeth, Exeunt.

John

John And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
 Proud Rebels as you are to haue me so:
 Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will,
 Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife:
 That shall haue passage through your traitorous throats,
 But hush, breach not buggs words to soone abroad,
 Least time preuent the issue of thy reach,
Arthur is dead, & there the cozze growes:
 But while he liude, the danger was the moze;
 His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
 But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes,
 Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,
 To whome the diuell owes an open shame:
 His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
 His death a frame to pull my building downe,
 My thoughts harpe still on quiet by his end,
 Who liuing aymed shrowdly at my roome:
 But to preuent that plea twice was I crownd,
 Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
 And in my conscience loude me as their liege,
 In whose defence they would haue paynd their liues,
 But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
 A tragick Tyrant sterne and pitiles,
 And not a title followes after *John*.
 But Butcher, bloodsucker and murtherer,
 What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,
 To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
 So interlacte with hellish discontent,
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest.
 Curst be the Crowne chiefe authoz of my care,
 Nay curst my will that made the Crowne my care:
 Curst be my birchday, curst ten times the wombe
 That peelded me aliue into the world.
 Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,
 For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hubers Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,
Charging on liues regard to doo the deede.

John Ah dull conceyved peazant knowst thou not,
It was a damned execrable deede:

Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules
Hue soloe their freedome to the thral of hell,
Under the warrant of that cursed seale.

Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
That I am comming foza kingdome there.

Hubers My Lord attend the happie tale I tell,

Foz heauens health send Sathan packing hence

That instigates your Highnes to despaire,

If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,

Bandie the newes foz rumoys of vntruth:

He liues my Lord the sweetest you; aliue,

In health, with eyesight, not a haire amisse.

This hart tooke vigoz from this fozward hand,

Making it weake to execute your charge.

John What liues he? Then sweete hope come home agen,

Chafe hence despaire, the purueyer foz hell.

Wye *Hubers*, cell these tidings to my Lords

That throb in passions foz yong *Arthurs* death:

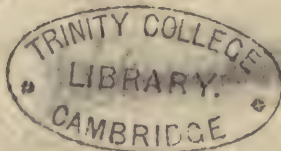
Hence *Hubers*, stay not till thou hast reueald

The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.

I goe my selfe, the ioyfullst man aliue

To stoyle out this new supposed crime. Exeunt.

The ende of the first part.





PR The troublesome reign of John
2411
T75
1591a
pt.1

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

